2:Hiff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1964 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14 · Havasupai

would comb the desert for the pifion nuts, oily and pungent, as they fell from the pine trees. The desert, which yielded its store of food to those who knew where to search for it, was ripe for the harvest.

Each day one or more groups climbed the trail, bound for Seligman to loaf about the trader's store, or for the pueblos of the Hopi or the scattered villages of the Walapai. They would denude the plateau of its food plants as they traveled. Laughing, shouting back merry good-bys to us, they climbed the trail. The canyon seemed full of empty houses.

From their talk I gathered a clear picture of their life on the upper level. They would kill an occasional deer or mountain sheep, if no white man were about; even without these there would be meat, for rabbits were plentiful. They satisfied their need for sweets by robbing bees' nests hidden in clefts in walls or in hollow trees. Long ago they had found a cave in a distant cliff that contained more rock salt than they could use. So with vegetables, meat, salt and honey in addition to the supplies they took with them, their needs would be satisfied.

When harsh winter set in, they would retire to their small, tight winter houses in the cedar thickets and live off their stored foods. One of the most delicious of these was the corn that had been roasted in the husk, while fresh and green, dried somewhat and stored. They would cook the ears in boiling water and the grains would have the sweetness of fresh corn.

Those who had not bothered to bring cooking pots, drew on the desert's reserve by burning the spines from a section of barrel cactus, removing the center pulp, and using the cavity for the old-time method of stone boiling. Accustomed to making the most of the things at hand in the desert, on the mountains, or wherever they might be, the women cooked mush and boiled vegetables or meat in this unique container, giving no thought to the hardship involved.

Melting snows and swelling buds would start the wanderers leisurely homeward, pausing on the way to reap a rich harvest